

## CORPSTEIN WINS ELOCUTION CONTEST

### O'Rourke, Most And Supple Head Cee Ay

#### GOOD MEN GRADUATE

During the past week, the personnel of the new staff, which will take over publication of The Cee-Ay next September, was announced by Father U. M. Churchill, staff moderator.

Those who will guide the paper through the school year of 1931-'32 in the capacity of editors are William Most and John O'Rourke, of Dubuque, and James Supple, of Chicago. These men have had a year of experience on the staff, and have given proof of their ability and initiative to uphold the paper's splendid record, and might even surpass the mark set by their predecessors of the class of '31. The new editors are all Juniors.

#### Six Made Reporters

Six members of the present staff were confirmed in the rank of full fledged reporters: Earl Vogel '32, Robert Palen '33, John Becker '33, Herbert Boland '34, and John Oberhausen '33, all of Dubuque, and John O'Brien '33, of Chicago. Some of these men were only cub reporters, but have advanced sufficiently as (Continued on page 8)

#### OUR PRINCIPAL

No one who has been a student of Columbia needs an introduction to Father Russell. Both while here and after graduation, the boys come to him for counsel and advice, and he is never too busy with his multitudinous duties as principal and teacher of religion to listen to their story. Personal consultation with students is sandwiched in between letters, phone calls, rewriting of religion notes, revamping of the catalogue, outlining of reading courses, preparing for talks and a hundred other details of supervision.

His heart is in the Academy and in it most of his efforts are given; he finds time to do a prodigious amount of work for the good of religion outside its walls. Last week he gave a retreat at St. Joseph School in Rock Island, Ill., and earlier in the year another at Aquin High School, Freeport, Ill. During Lent he was a general favorite, preaching at three parishes: Nativity, St. Columbkille's and Peosta.



### BISHOP BOUTER TELLS STUDENTS OF INDIA

The Rt. Rev. William Bouter, D.D., of the Nellare diocese of the Province of Madras, India, addressed the students of Columbia Academy during the May 8th assembly period, on the subject, "India."

A native of Holland, the Bishop has been in the foreign mission field for ten years. His very long beard (regarded as a mark of wisdom in the Orient) is belied by his being the youngest Catholic Bishop in the world. His diocese contains thirty-five thousand square miles of territory, dotted with hundreds of thatched villages whose people are awaiting the light of faith. About seven million people live in the Nellare diocese, which is only a small part of India's 280 millions of people.

#### Urges Work For Missions

Holland, Bishop Bouter claimed, supplied most of the world's foreign missionaries and that it was time that we, the western nations, were coming to the front with aid, in money and spiritual help. The Bishop said that only a foothold had been gained in India, and that "real men" were needed to preach the gospel to every person in India, for it is no task for a weakling.

Being somewhat of a humorist, his Grace, kept his audience laughing with strange tales of missionary life and adventure in foreign fields. He maintained that most people have the impression that all a priest had to do was go about and baptize the people, which of course is false, for the missionary must fight Buddhism, Mohammedanism and the age-old caste system of India. The theme which Bishop Bouter stressed particularly was, "The harvest indeed is great, but the workers are few."

### FATHER MAHONEY GIVES BACCALAUREATE TALK

In accordance with time honored tradition, the last Sunday before graduation will especially be consecrated to God the end of the school year through the religious exercises of that Commencement Sunday.

The Thirteen Hours of Adoration will be held in Saint Joseph's chapel, each class having its special period of adoration and prayer for God's blessing on the vacation and on the graduates.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached by the Rev. William Mahoney, pastor of Saint Raphael's parish in Madison, Wisconsin. Father Mahoney, one of the ablest speakers in the Middle West and a famous orator, has always been a staunch friend of Columbia

### Record Senior Class Will Graduate June 2

#### EIGHTY-SIX PROSPECTS

The 1931 Commencement will be held Tuesday, June 2, at 9 a. m. in the College Gymnasium. There are eighty-six prospective graduates in the Academy class; and though there are some who possibly will not make the grade, the largest graduating class in the history of the Academy is anticipated.

Those who look forward to receiving the coveted diplomas are: Arthur Kelly, John O'Leary, Edgar Holz, Edmund Kelzer, Eugene Kelzer, Charles Palen, Harry Anderson, Joseph Arend, Richard Barkley, Carl Becker, George Becker, Maurice Boyd, James Buchanan, Ambrose Casey, Antonio Castro, James Clis, Bernard Clancy, Homer Clark, Robert Clark, Joseph Coens, Merlin Conlon, Lester Cooling, Raymond Cooney, Thomas Donahue, Clarence Donovan, John Drennan, Allen Fairfield, Philip Flynn, Paul Frantzen, William Genzler, George Giellis, Henry Gonner, Kyrie Gorman, Joseph Graber, Joseph Graham, Henry Havlik, Chris. Hincley, John Hird, Edmund Juergens, John Kessler. (Continued on page 8)

#### FATHER PATNODE

One couldn't get an introduction to Father Patnode if one wanted to, because he always meets you first.

"The biggest little man on the faculty" teaches English and Latin. But in the eyes of the boys, these are only side lines; his real occupation in life is being "athletic manager," under which title he manages to conceal his many activities as friend, counselor, provider of amusements, supervisor of recreation, doctor, general handy man, and homemaker for the boys of Columbia.

#### Musicians Take Solo Honors

Two of the band members, William Most and Edward Goodman, were entered in the instrumental solo contest for class A players at Clarke College. Edward took first place on the saxophone, and William on the cornet.

### ALVIN JAEGER AWARDED WATCH; \$900 REALIZED

In what the audience hailed as one of the best Elocution Contests held at the Academy in recent years, three Dubuque boys, John Corpstein, John Kessler and Joseph Graham were last evening declared winners, in the order named, by the critic judge, Miss Avis Clausen of Clarke College. The excitement of waiting for the decision was, in turn, quieted by the soothing notes of the Academy Glee Club, augmented again by the stirring music of the Band, and climaxed by the awarding of the much coveted wrist watch to Alvin Jaeger of Dubuque, as the luckiest of all the supporters who helped to amass a total of \$900 to further Academy activities.

#### Upper Class Men Winners

Corpstein won the gold medal by his dramatic interpretation of "If I were King"; John Kessler took the silver medal with an oration on "Standards and Understandings"; while Graham showed his versatility in "The Prisoner's Plea," for third place. Corpstein is a Junior; Kessler and Graham, Seniors.

The other speakers in the contest, John Becker of Dubuque, Joseph Morris of Lawler, and James Supple of Chicago, were exceedingly good and gained much favor with the audience. Becker and Supple interpreted difficult feminine roles entitled respectively, "She Hath Done What She Could" and "At the Movies." Becker and Morris are Second Academicians, and Supple is a Junior.

#### Alumni Wins Watch

The lucky winner of the wrist watch, decided by Miss Clausen's draw of his number out of 10,800, is Alvin J. Jaeger of 1861 Ambrose street, Dubuque. It was indeed fitting that such a loyal and deserving alumnus should have been the fortunate one. Alvin graduated (Continued on page 8)

### MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS SCORE IN MUSIC WEEK

The Cee-Ay band and Glee club under the direction of Samuel Dovi and Father Emmet Kelly respectively came through with high honors in the Catholic High School program Friday, May 8, in the college auditorium.

The band played a Hungarian overture called "Attila," then "Outlook March," and a trombone oddity, "Sliding Some." Besides they played the accompaniment to the community singing of "America the Beautiful" and "Holy God."

The choir rendered the following selections: "Gypsy Life," "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," "Climb Up, Chillum, Climb," "Shadow March." Together with the Visitation academy (Continued on page 8)



# THE CEE-AY

Published biweekly by the Students of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Ia.

## EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

John A. Lyons, '31 Philip Val Schwinn, '31

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Clarence Raker, '31 Milton Welmer, '31

## STAFF MEMBERS

Joseph Graber, '31 Leo Lenz '31 Henry Gonner, '31  
William Most, '32 James Tunnissen, '31 James Supple, '32  
John O'Rourke, '32 Wilfred Kress, '31

## REPORTERS

Ralph Vogel, '31 John Oberhauser, '33 John E. O'Brien, '33  
Robert Palen, '33 Earl Vogel '32 John Becker, '33  
Herbert Boland, '34



## BUSINESS STAFF

Manager, John Drennan, '31 Assistant, Vincent Stubstad, '31

Subscription Price 75 Cents a Year. By Mail One Dollar.  
Single Copies 10 Cents.

## Vacation

A rest is not only good and beneficial, but is absolutely necessary. God Himself set the example by resting on the seventh day.

A vacation means, enough, a "making empty"; and, unfortunately this is the common procedure during this time. Quondam students (?) proceed to make their heads devoid (or more devoid—as the case may be) of everything they have learned through much hard labor during the foregoing ten months. They try to forget all the good habits they may have acquired; and some go so far as to attempt a vacation from religion. (We do not believe any of our students indulge in this latter, so we pass on.)

We said before, that God rested on the seventh day. This is true—but He did not allow the work He had done to fall into ruins. What then is our purpose in working for ten months, only to forget all in two? What have we gained? The next year it will simply mean learning it over; and at the added expense of first removing the rust which has been allowed to gather over our thinking apparatus. In addition to this, there is the new work to be done, with no foundation—it is not strange that we should hate to "return to the grind" in the fall.

Not much work is required to prevent this—fifteen minutes a day will be suffice. Is it not worth it?

## "Farewell"

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day—"

This issue of the Cee Ay, "the curfew," writes the grand finale to the school year '30-'31. With it also comes the ushering forth of another class of graduates. To them life at Columbia Academy shall cease, but fond memories shall linger on. Its seed, as it were, is rooted everlastingly in their hearts. "Farewell," we say to them, "may success and happiness be yours."

To the faces that are familiar to us in the corridors and also to the faculty we must say, "Farewell." Time in their midst proved truly enjoyable. This is what makes the parting somewhat cheerless.

Then, too, as just a reminder, the passing of the Seniors creates many vacancies on the Cee Ay staff. These and more chairs have to be filled. This responsibility shifts to the rising classes.

With the pleasure with which the staff has bi-weekly published this paper of yours we wish each and everyone a nappy vacation.

## The Class of 1931

The end of the school year is upon us. And with its end we of the senior class pause amid the hurry of graduation days and imminent examinations to look back over four years at "old St. Joe's."

About three-fourths of the original freshman class of 1927-28 are still with us. The rest have wandered—some to study in other institutions—others to begin their life work. For us of the class of 1931 our problems resolve into these two. Will we pursue our studies at college or begin at once entering the world?

The world as we look upon it today presents a rather forbidding aspect, even to the boundless optimism of youth. With a vast number of the regular workers of the country unemployed, the chances for those of our class to get immediate employment are very slim. Everyone recognizes the immense advantages the college man has in the world of economic competition—considering everything is it not the sensible thing to do to go for at least two years to college?

Another thing—it is the opinion of observers that the man who waits and surveys calmly the choice of vocations and careers is the man who makes the greatest success. Too much hurry to get a job—when one has the means for college—is very dangerous for a man's future, especially here in Dubuque. We are as a whole largely undecided as to our choice of a life-work; the thing to do is to let our half formed ideas and wishes mature for several years. We are extremely fortunate in having a college

## ALUMNI NOTES

Morgan Sexton of the class of '12 and Jack Ryan are on the radio. Sexton is an announcer for W-H-O-W-O-C of the Central Broadcasting Co. Ryan announces the sports review of the Teaberry Gum hour from K-Y-W.

Bill McKay, who was here in 1880, is a newspaper man. He was formerly editor of the Chicago Post. Later he was connected with one of the large New York papers and is now with the circulation department of the Chicago Tribune.

Edward Tagney '28 visited the school Sunday, May 10.

In the recent essay, short story and verse contests of the college, Academy alumni took three first places, one second and three thirds. Clarence Kintze, Edward Lineham and Herbert Willing took the gold medals in the three contests respectively.

Raphael Goodman '23 is among those to be ordained at the Cathedral the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McAleer send news of their wedding on April 7 last. Joe is now working for the Phillips Oil Co. in Dubuque. Mrs. McAleer's maiden name was Malanaphy, and her home, Decorah, Ia.

## MOTHERS CLUB HAS PLANNED CARD PARTY

Friday afternoon officers and directors of the Mothers Club met in the Academy library and laid plans for a card party to be held in the College gymnasium on Wednesday evening, May 27, at eight o'clock.

Each mother of an Academy student is considered a member of the club; and mothers, fathers and friends will be welcomed at the party. Further announcements will be made later. The gymnasium is a splendid place for such affairs, being accessible, cool and roomy. With an enthusiastic group of mothers working, a successful event is predicted.

## McDONALD, CORPSTEIN HEAD CLASS OF '32

The Third Academic Class Officers elected yesterday are James McDonald, Madison, Wisconsin, Class President; John Corpstein, Dubuque, Vice-President; Joseph Lacke, Cuba City, Wisconsin, Secretary; and James Supple, Chicago, Illinois, Treasurer.

Mr. McDonald became famous on the football and basketball teams and is co-captain elect for next year's football squad. John Corpstein, an honor student, is also letterman of the football squad, a Thespiian and winner of the Elocution contest. Joseph Lacke is next year's student manager; while James Supple, one of the Cee-Ay editors for next year, is prominent in dramatics and the speaking and writing contest.

here for the quality and standing of Columbia. Particularly fortunate are the day students, who are enabled to attend for a mere fraction of the cost if we found it necessary to go away for our schooling. Columbia stands with open arms to welcome us to Loras Hall in September. Those who will find it at all possible to attend will undoubtedly expend effort.

## A ONCE PROUD SHIP Lawrence Theisen '33

I've sailed the seas  
And stormed the breeze,  
Touched at strange ports;  
Shipped cargoes of sorts.

The salt spray has dashed  
Against my face,  
I laughed it to scorn  
And won the race.

'Twas not so long back  
(I remember it still),  
That I slipped from the dock  
With a splash and a will  
To struggle and strive  
To do or to die.

How proud was my captain of me  
that day!  
But now I'm a hulk that stands in  
the way.

Long years have I worked,  
And toiled and striven  
Till now, old and broken,  
I'm in exile driven.

My decks are all warped;  
My sides ripped asunder;  
The ruins of rain  
And lightning and thunder.  
Just a battle-scarred vet'ran,  
A ship that's gone under;  
Just a seaweed's tavern;  
Just the sea demon's plunder.

"There goes another life," cried  
the cat as it crawled out from under  
the steam roller.

## UNCONQUERABLE DEATH

Life is but a span of years,  
A time of joy, of pain and tears.  
It has been said in years gone by  
That we poor mortals live to die  
And dying, live again, free at last  
from earthly fears.

From time eternal, men have sought  
To duplicate what God has wrought.  
To make unending our life span,  
To even make a God of man,  
And seeking, die, their labor all for  
naught.

—Allen Fairfield '31

## FRIENDS

Precious gems are priceless,  
And are rarely found.  
Rarer is true friendship  
With devotion bound.

If we cross the ocean,  
Tread the burning sand,  
Walk along life's pathway  
in some distant land,

Or if at home we settle  
To work out God's decree,  
Vain and useless friendships  
Surely will we see.

When the purse is heavy,  
And the spirit gay,  
We have friends that seek us  
And homage to us pay.

What a different story  
When the purse is light!  
When our troubles seize us—  
Not a friend in sight.

If then we should find one  
Who is tried and true,  
Let us not exchange him  
For some one that is new.

—John Lyons '31



## SECOND PRIZE STORY

John O'Rourke, '32

### THE STORY TELLER

It was one of those gorgeous spring days when the sun bathes the earth in warm radiance and the air is fresh, invigorating, and full of song. On this bright morning old Mr. Wells sat out on the porch, in his favorite chair, smoking his pipe; the morning paper lay on his lap, finished. He watched his neighbors pass to and fro, returning each cheery greeting with his fine old smile and a deep, full-voiced, "Top-o-the-morning to you."

Everybody knew old Mr. Wells, and I don't believe he had a single enemy; he was Grandpa Wells to the whole neighborhood. Though he was over eighty, Grandpa Wells was still active, for his wiry frame was erect and soldierly, his face had lost none of its color with the passage of time. Having fought in the Civil War with a Vermont regiment, Mr. Wells took no end of delight in telling stories about the battles, his regiment, and his comrades. The boys of the neighborhood were always an interested group of listeners, and not the least among them was his grandson, Johnny Wells Jr., who just now approached carrying his coat and a book.

"Hi! Grandpa," he shouted as he mounted the steps two and three at a time. I've been to the library this morning."

Mr. Wells stroked his dignified white beard. "And what might the book be, Johnny, just another aviator's story?"

Johnny seated himself and opened the book. "No, Grandpa, it's a book I have to read as part of my school work."

Grandpa smoked on in silence while Johnny glanced through his book. Suddenly he looked up and popped a question—out of a clear sky, as most boys do. "Say, Grandpa, who was Kipling?"

Mr. Wells paused, removed his pipe, cleared his throat, and began: "Kipling—hm—Rudyard Kipling was an Englishman, Johnny, and a good one; but he wasn't born in England as most Britains will assert. He was born way down in Bombay, India. I think, in about the time of the War of Rebellion. Years later he grew to be a famous author and poet. One of his little poems seems to be in the back of my mind a recollection about —"

"Ah!," Johnny cried gleefully. "A story, is it, Grandpa?"

"Yes," said the old soldier slowly, "a story about an Irish corporal who fought in General Meagher's 'Irish Brigade' in the battle of Antietam." Here Mr. Wells stopped and surveyed the boy, who was listening with face upturned; it was one of those dramatic pauses all good story tellers make before they launch into an extra fine story. Grandpa Wells was a master at this art. Then he resumed.

"We had marched all day on the 15th and were moved into position the same night in some woods on a hill surveying Antietam Creek and Bridge, near Sharpsburg, Maryland. It was September of 1862 and I had been in the service for about 14 months then. Our regiment occupied the very center of the battle line.

## Classmates

Classmates, friends and comrades we have been. We have spent almost four happy years in constant companionship. Each morning found us kneeling side by side in prayer, begging God to bless the works of the day. Together we attended the same classes and mastered the intricacies of various subjects. Athletic contests found us playing shoulder to shoulder, and ever the spirit of the non-partisans backed the players. We have lived among ourselves for scholastic and athletic honors; but a spirit of goodfeeling pervaded all competition, and the loser rejoiced with the victor. We have shared each other's joys, sorrows, triumphs, and failures. Many times have we wandered through the city together, last- ing of its joys; often the soul satisfying beauties of nature. An atmosphere of peace and friendship has claimed us, the world with its hubbub and toil meaning little or nothing.

Soon that world will claim us as its own, and we shall be separated, perhaps for all time. We have separated before, but only for short spaces of time; and always the certainty of return to old friends remained. Soon we must disintegrate like a flock of birds that has reached its destination; but our flock may never reunite. Each one must follow his own path, and the paths run in different directions. Perhaps, we hope, these paths will cross at times and old friendships be renewed. All of us will be tossed about by the stream of life which constantly bears us toward the final harbor. Along the way the Great Reaper will take his toll. Fate will play with Life as each goes his way. Time alone will reveal the workings of Fate; and the lot of the greater number will be unknown to the rest. Even the thought of parting causes a tugging at heartstrings which have become enmeshed by bonds of common activities and friendship. Yes, classmates shall soon be—just memories.

—Clarence Raker, '31

On our left was Caldwell's corps, and to our right was Meagher's 'Irish Brigade.' The stalwart Irishmen were so called because most of them came with Meagher from Ireland to fight for the Union because of some political change. They were fighters, Johnny; the most reckless I have ever seen.

"On the sixteenth of the month, the two armies faced one another. No fighting took place on that day, although the activity behind the lines told us what to expect on the morrow. Sure enough, at dawn of the 17th the rebel batteries on the hill above the creek began to pour forth tons of steel; our batteries replied, and the order was given to advance—we fixed bayonets and, slowly at first, moved out of the protecting woods into the death valley below.

"The Irish troopers on our right were already out in front—one in particular we noticed; he was a physical giant; tawny, muscular and must have been 6 feet 4 inches tall. Though only a corporal, his comrades seemed to acknowledge him as their battle leader; he held his rifle above his head and strode along, shouting defiance—no wonder the giant Irishman inspired our admiration. His name? It matters little here.

"The seasoned veterans of Caldwell's division on our left advanced in a different fashion—from tree to tree, rock to rock, ditch to ditch, always careful, seeking cover. We, in the center, were led on by the gallantry of Meagher's troops.

"Soon we reached the bridge, and midst a rain of shrapnel thousands of men swarmed over the stone bridge or forded the stream. Behind a roll of the bank on the west side the lines reformed, then swept on up against the rebel batteries. And Johnny, that big Irish corporal was the first man on the rebel breast-works.

"The fire was withering—whole rows of men fell as the southern regiments fired by volley. I don't see how I lived through that charge. But we won and the rebels fell back,

deserting their positions—then in a counter attack they reformed. We quickly found ourselves sheltered places from which we viewed Hood's, Early's, and Jackson's men come slowly back up. I happened to jump into the same pit with this big corporal; he was smoke begrimed and tattered, but his eyes gleamed and danced as he watched the rebel charge—up, up, they came, running now, a ragged mass of brown homespun—steel gleamed at my breast, men swarmed about us. I thought we would be engulfed as I fired and loaded, thrust and parried, I was vaguely conscious of a demon at my side who seemed to hurl back whole companies of men—standing on the parapet, swinging his gun and waving a sword he had wrested from a cavalryman, he met the rebel charge. His life certainly must have been charmed because he made such a big target. Along the Union line a mighty shout arose as the butternut clad men fell back again.

"We were exhausted, and the dead lay around by hundreds; yet the Irish battle-demon started to follow the retreating rebels—taunting them, loading and firing, but no one followed him. When he saw he was alone he stopped, turned and called us weak, puny, cowards—we who thanked God for our deliverance thus far. Cursing bitterly and blaspheming all the while, his blood-shot eyes roaming gloatingly over the retreating southerners, he returned.

Although many of us were wounded and our numbers cut in half, orders came to hold the hill at any cost till artillery could be moved forth in support. We knew we could never stem another attack, but charge again the rebels did. Stewart had come up, reinforcing Jackson and Hood and, knowing that night-fall would find them defeated unless they regained the hill, they advanced. Never before did we equal at such a sight—men in gray this time, fresh, trained southern regulars—can you wonder we feared? The sight would have turned the bravest heart; yet stand fast we must.

## THE HOWL OF THE WOLF

'Twas a cold wintry night, a very bleak sight,

The top of the hill was bare;  
But the moon came up, and in silhouette showed

The lone wolf howling there.

On the top of the hill he sat so still,  
As if thinking of something to say;

He looked at the moon, and with mournful tune

He began, that night, to pray.  
All night he howled there, with no one to care

For his great, long, piercing sighs;  
As if to greet, before his doom,

He sent his cries to the skies.  
Today, came a shot, as I lay on my cot.

It told me not of the best;  
For there followed a cry, a wolf-like sigh—

The wolf at last was at rest.  
On the hill, the moon's light made a beautiful sight,

But so sad and lonely 'twas there;  
As I lay on my cot, I remembered that shot,

When the wolf howled his last sighing prayer.

—James Engler '34

"I looked at the giant Irish soldier—he had changed; with eyes that were full of fear he watched the long gray lines come up—masterful—relentless, sweeping everything before them. He seemed to sense that we could never live through a charge like that and—half sobbing, half shouting—he prayed: 'Maybe there is a God of battles, maybe He is watching today . . . O Lord, protect us, be with us yet . . . we shall never forget.'"

"It's funny, Johnny, how men who believe in their own strength and who irreverently think they themselves are making possible their marvelous deeds, soften at times like that and actually pray. Waver- ing a little, the rebel charge came on; steel bristled all along the gray ranks as the men, running now, leveled their bayonets. As men banded together in despair, the Union soldiers gathered to repel or to stop momentarily the oncoming tide. At the moment when it seemed we must surely be engulfed in the charge, the longed for artillery arrived; as if in answer to the corporal's prayer, they belched forth such fiery death and destruction that the charge failed just in the moment of its success. I was told later that the fierce corporal had died on the rampart just as he had lived—always in the vanguard.

"You probably wonder, Johnny, why I connect a story like that with Kipling. It's this way. A long time afterward Kipling wrote a poem so identical with the prayer that the Irish giant uttered that I thought he must have heard him. It expresses so exactly the feeling that gnaws at my heart when I think of Antietam that I memorized part of it. Here it is:

"God of our fathers, known of old,  
In seeking tube and bung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

"For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In seeking tube and bung battle-line,  
All vallant dust that builds on trust,

And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word—  
Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord!"

## TIMES WERE HARD

"Yeh, Times is hard. I ain't been able to get a booking since a country fair last summer. These talkies have ruined everything. Why, only two years ago I was getting two hundred a week on the Orpheum, and now there are only two or three decent houses in the country and about five thousand performers trying to be booked. Well, so long."

Joe Young, song and dance man de luxe, walked sadly down the scene of his triumphs and disappointments, Broadway. He was further discouraged by the large crowd of unemployed actors in front of the Palace. At the rate things were going it looked as if he would be out on the street in a couple of weeks, and Joe was proud, awfully proud.

"Say, Mr. Young, there's some good news for you. The guy at Clarke's called up for you," the landlady said at the door.

Joe fairly flew down the street to the subway.

"Yeh, I'll take it. It ain't in my line to go barnstorming it round the sticks, but times is hard."

Joe was sent to Pete's where the rehearsals for the "rube" shows are held. When it was time for his audition he did his best. He began with the conventional opener, did his soft shoe specialty, and then closed with the acrobatics. Would he do a double? With the aid of a not-so-good, hefty blonde, he danced the requested number. He was accepted.

Joe was not only proud but honest and some of that was the reason why Joe at twenty-five was not a headliner. He hated to accept the underhanded terms of this show. In place of a musical comedy, the producers had gotten together many luminaries of twenty years ago and put them in a revue called "The March of Time." There was no old-timer available for the feature position as tap dancer; so Joe was to be made up as "Bill Sheehan, The Eternal Speed-Demon of Tony Pastors'."

Everything was O. K. The act was a sensation in the sticks. The agents decided to take a chance on giving it three weeks in the Twin Cities. They opened in Minneapolis and did better than expected.

At this time Joe began to notice that the rest of the troupe were most cool in their attitude toward him. It must have been jealousy. Joe knew that it was his dancing that held the show together. That antiquated actress, Maude Powers, was as snooty as possible. When Joe would remove his "white haired star of many years" make-up, she would give him a contemptuous look. William Evans, a matinee idol of the Francis X. Bushman era, was still more upstage, calling him a hypocrite.

Because of this, Joe began to evade the theatre as much as possible, often taking long walks. In a park uptown was a girl who daily sat on a bench feeding pigeons. Joe soon became strangely attracted by the park. They became such friends that she would wait in the lobby for him after the show and they would have supper. She never failed to be there, and she never failed to compliment him as the electrician of the show. This made Joe feel ashamed of fooling the audience.

On the last night before the show left, Joe decided that he would ex-

## Iowa The Beautiful

Where the east ends and the west begins; where the mighty Mississippi winds its way southward and seaward between upreared bluffs of jutting stone; where the spirit of Julien Dubuque looks down as if standing sentinel over the land he loved; where the tall tassled corn ripples in the breeze, there lies Iowa the beautiful.

Away from the river the rich prairies dip and roll till they meet the distant horizon. They are dotted here and there with the dwellings of farmers, for from agriculture and livestock Iowa derives most of its prosperity. With soil so rich and useful, with great green pastures plentiful—no wonder the Red Man fought and died for Iowa. How many nations, Iowa, bought and sold your boundless wealth without a true estimate of your value? First the carefree Indian and then the greedy Spaniard, who did not penetrate your borders. Soon came the sly, cunning, suave Frenchman, seeking better and broader empires for his Louis, or his Bonaparte. Then the red-blooded American frontiersman, who fought the Indians that he might live within your gracious bounds. And from these beginnings we now have the great state of today, containing thousands of loyal sons and daughters who proudly say: "We are Iowans."



Many people have looked at the mighty Fathers of Waters' and were disappointed in its muddy majesty, but never were they disappointed in Iowa; in fact their expectations were far surpassed. Probably they stood on the great bluffs north of Marquette and caught their breath as they beheld the grandeur of the panorama spread out below them. Again they might reverently have looked upon the grave of Julien Dubuque and understood why the Indians chose to bury him there. Farther south they might have stopped in the Bellevue State Park and watched the busy steamboats of the Inland Waterways Corporation toiling up-river, or caught the glint of the bright steel of the railroad tracks far below. For many are the scenic beauty spots of Iowa, only a few of which are named here. In years to come, though we be scattered far from our native state, the occasion will many times present itself that we can rise and say: "We're from Iowa," and be truly proud of our beautiful state.

—John O'Rourke, '32

plain everything and ask her to marry him. They went to a chop suey restaurant and secured for themselves a booth where it was more private; but every time he started to pop the question, his tongue stuck. Before he knew it, they had said good-bye. Joe went home in a daze, and she went home to cry herself to sleep.

Next day Joe was heartbroken. He did not know her address, and the train left in two hours, right after the show. Why in the world hadn't he asked her the night before as he had intended? He was glad that the show was over now. He had lost his vim and vigor. He was in love.

"Oh, Mr. Sheehan, there is a lady to see you in the green room," said the theatre call boy.

Was it she? Joe ran to the room, but to his disappointment it was only Maude Powers. She beckoned for him to sit down beside her. She wiped away one of her crocodile tears and began:

"This is our last night together, isn't it, Mr. Young? I have an explanation to make. I suppose that you thought I meant it when I was rude. Don't mind that. It was all sham. I did it because that Evans guy did. I hope that you have all the success in the world and that you will be happy with your bride."

"My Bride?"

"Why, yes. I suppose that you think we didn't see that pretty brunette who used to wait for you every night. You are going to marry her,

## THE PRIESTS' STAIRS

We came to the staircase and looked about;

"There's no one around," we heard someone shout.

It was true! There was no one in sight;

So up we hurried with all our might.

Do you wonder why we went with such cares?

I'll tell you why; it was the priests' stairs.

—John Farrell '34

aren't you?"

"Miss Powers, I feel awful. I am bugs about her, but I was afraid to tell her about masquerading like this. Last night I wanted to tell her I loved her and that I wanted to marry her. I lost my nerve. Before I knew it we had said good-bye. I suppose I'll never see her again, either."

"If you met her tonight, would you tell her?"

"Would I? Say, I'd take her in my arms and—"

"I know. I was a girl once. I'll go and get her now."

Before Joe had a chance to say anything, she was gone. In a few moments the girl-of-his-dreams entered, and he did exactly as he had said he would.

"Why, Mr. Young," she mocked, "this is so sudden!"

"You know I was afraid to tell you last night, but tonight that Powers dame led me to it. I know it is lame to do as I did in the show, but

## HUMAN GLIMPSES

I lie abed  
My windows wide  
As voices pass  
Me in the night.

A group of boys both young and free  
Go shouting by, without a care;  
Perhaps 'tis just a harmless spree,  
And joys they find, to elders rare.

And after these come maidens fair.  
Their clicking heels sound on the walk,

And silvery laughter fills the air  
As joyfully I hear them talk.

A pair of sweethearts newly met  
Are passing slowly, softly by  
Their burning hearts in love are set,  
A love that's told by just a sigh.

The children all put safe to bed,  
A man and wife now past me stroll;

I could not hear just all they said,  
But sure they spoke of shoes—and coal.

Then falt'ring footsteps soon draw near,  
An aged pair who do not sigh

As life and all that it holds dear  
Is almost o'er—and footsteps die.

I turned my head,  
I sighed that night,  
So life will pass,  
Brief, from my sight.  
—Clarence Raker '31

## PHANTOM FATHER

I saw him in his mother's arms—  
A pretty babe.

I saw him as he knelt to pray;  
I saw him skip his way to play.

I gazed upon this gentle youth—  
Love's innocence.

I saw him pierced by Cupid's dart;  
I saw his loving father's heart.

And then a story of cruel fate I hear.  
True as Juno's embittered Trojan hate,

To me as venom on Norse Loki's pate.

It pains; but pain forgot draws forth a tear.

A fountain of sorrow, that cryptic seer—

Monmon—struck down what God had made.

It seems he strove each loving heart to break,

He had no God, no love, nor peace, nor cheer.

His idols had been shattered, and in the dust

His dreams, childhood castles, cruelly were hurled.

Yet now, all again wardens aside he thrusts

And once again makes peace with God and World.

Oh Christ, Thou art so merciful, so mild!

Canst Thou reject this contrite, humble child?

—Philip Schwinm '31

you'll forgive me?"

"Of course."

She sat down on a chair and burst into laughter.

"What's so funny?"

"Why, Joe, you're so dumb. You see, times were hard—I was acting Maude Powers."

—James Supple '32



## MODERNISM IN ART

In this era we look upon the same sights and hear the same sounds—and seeing with the same eyes and hearing with the same ears, we naturally come to believe the same things. Some barriers have consequently been broken down; others have been raised.

Opinions are always infectious and the rapidity and ease with which they now can be broadcasted exposes the world to an epidemic of uniformity in everything, to a trend of sameness; and art is by no means immune to this epidemic.

The rapidity of up to date communication makes it easy for ideas to spread, and makes it possible for any personal opinion, of any degree of note, to grow into a collective opinion. Having assumed such a form, it possesses a force that may prove irresistible, no matter how much error it may contain.

It has been said that Modernism is nothing but a mediocre conception, which has acquired impetus by the fact of its being universally held and not by reason of its being true. A decision on the truthfulness of Modernism can only be rendered by time; but the fact that this contagion (if it can be so called) has gained such impetus that it has spread to the four ends of the earth, deserves study as to its origin and growth.

The truest art of any country is a criticism of life and reflects its surroundings. It is quite in keeping with the natural law, that the influence of new modes of life—the effect of changed habits resulting from the utilization of recent scientific discoveries, the speeding up of the tempo of drab existence, and the standardization of nearly all the accessories of life should have guided the fathers of Modernism in their search for a new expression.

We have but to review styles, variously grouped as "antiques" to detect a semblance between them. They are but successive modifications and applications of some ancient style. Thus it can be seen that, as long as the material employed remains the same, there is nothing extraordinary or revolutionary in designs of interiors and exteriors.

When the more refractory worked hardwoods, such as mahogany, first came into use, the resultant difficulty of carving them brought about the application of moulded metal ornaments. But applied ornamentation, nowadays, runs against the artistic sense of the true artisan. Artists have rediscovered that beauty and loveliness does not need the aid of ornament, but when unadorned is adorned most. This presented a problem. In order to supply for the absence of pictorial effect in naked, flat or angular surfaces, pleasing solely by their good proportion, materials that are decorative in themselves came into use. One of the best examples of these decorative materials is wood of different colors, textures and shapes. These woods have the same pleasing qualities that marble possesses, and color contrasts and combinations through the use of inlays entirely dispense with form. A beautiful, rich hanging arranged on a flat wall will appeal to the eye as effectively to the artistic eye as a perfectly cut vase or flawless

## The Earmarks of a Columbian

By the ear marks of a Columbian I do not mean those left on pillows nor those impressed on the muddy gridiron, but rather the characteristics by which he may be known.

First of all, he may be recognized by his walk, although no two Columbians walk exactly alike. The half shuffle used as the method of perambulation slightly resembles the "coon june," and is calculated to get him to his destination in a short time but with the least possible expenditure of energy.

You will not be able to distinguish him by the clothes he wears, for he may be neatly dressed after the latest mode. Again he may be wearing



trousers and vest of different colors, perhaps a tattered sweater, or maybe a grimy sweatshirt. His shoes will always be polished during the first six weeks of the term while the freshmen are on probation, but after this period has elapsed they will invariably have a "back to nature" trend.

A true Columbian always speaks perfect and ultra-modern English. Very ultra-modern in fact, for his "dese," "dems," and "doses" are developed to an enviable degree of perfection.

If he is a staunch Columbian he will never "finch," no matter how great or how near danger may be. Verily, it has been said that he will not betray fear by the flicker of an eyelash, even if a fast express comes whizzing by and clips the buttons off his vest or a Chicago gunman drills the crown of his hat in the approved manner.

He is a firm believer in the adage, "God helps those who help themselves," and also in the more modern one, "What is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own." Never may a brotherly Columbian be accused of being particular in regard to whose clothes he wears or whose pen he uses to write with on some one else's paper.

As to smoking material, he is not the least fastidious. A few shreds of tobacco encased in once-white paper will pass as a cigarette, regardless of past history or ownership, while the tattered remnant of a cigar, carefully preserved from one smoke till time for another, is considered a rare luxury.

The word "Butts" has a very significant but all-embracing meaning, and no doubt an interesting history. When a Columbian yells, moans, or whispers "Butts" he may want the last bite of your "Milky Way," he may claim your two year old copy of "Detective Stories" or he may merely want you to pass the meat. And speaking of eating, his table manners are perfect—for getting enough to eat. He is able to reach anything within a radius of six feet, regardless of obstacles. He can manipulate the knife and fork equally well with either hand, singly or simultaneously.

A Columbian is very adept at the disappearing act. You may hear a dozen voices in a room when you knock, but when the occupant lets you in he will be found all alone. This little mystery act has defied detection by the world's greatest investigators.

The seemingly meaning-less word "Jiggers" conveys a world of meaning to a Columbian and has a magic effect on him. This little word may, as circumstances require, startle him into sudden activity or it may cause him to "freeze." And if perchance in the dim, distant future you hear a man cry "Jiggers," thus unconsciously reverting to the terminology of his Columbia days, take it as a warning of the approach of danger and "scram."

But in spite of these faults, which are, after all, merely superficial, I am proud, and always will be proud, to call a Columbian "friend." He has the stuff which makes a "man" and a "gentleman." Beneath a rough and fun-loving exterior beats a heart, not of gold, but of very human stuff which makes him a pleasant companion and a sympathetic, true friend.

—Clarence Raker, '31

Early Modernists found expression in plants, but today we have first discovered that the steam shovel, automobile, locomotive, skyscraper and dynamo have a power of inspiration and expression just as aesthetic as any landscape. How positively awkward and ugly was the first locomotive, but now, how powerful, sleek, and aesthetically satiable. To sever the bonds of Classicism when that which is classic ceases to be in step with the spirit of the time and altered conditions, is not a serious transgression. The present is not an age of frills and powdered wigs; we are not given to the flowery adjectival idiom of our ruff-necked ancestors. The hatless "rah rah" boy and the battered, bedizen collegiate Ford are not indications of

## POETIC VISTAS

### THE SKYSCRAPER

You raise your granite head of high  
And view the world with glistening  
eye.  
O skyscraper! please tell me,  
The sights that you do daily see.

The battleships that ride the waves,  
Like unto galleys sowed by slaves;  
The harbors filled with merchant  
marine,  
From coast to coast may all be seen.

The aeroplane's mighty roar is heard  
As it leaps and dives, a pretty bird.  
And then, close to your feet, you see  
Poor insignificant little me.

—Robert Spahn '33

### FRIENDSHIP

A greater thing no man has  
wrought;  
For a greater thing no man has  
fought.  
For friendship true  
Is like the blue:  
It never can be bought.

Many a man has tried to buy  
And from him friendship e'er did fly;  
Many a man has turned it down  
And thrown like gold upon the  
ground.

I've traced it down the path of  
years;  
I've seen its hopes, its loves, its  
fears.

I cannot see  
Why one should flee  
True friendship when it nears.  
—Richard Barkley '31

### THE DOOMED PRISONER

Through the bars  
I see the night,  
The dancing stars,  
The moon so bright.

Quivering stillness  
Of the night,  
Ghastly shadows  
Attract my sight.

Shadows of the rope  
On which I'm to sway;  
Shadows of hope  
That fade away.

Haunts of death  
Before me shine;  
Tomorrow I pay  
For a dreadful crime.

So, forgive me, God,  
For my sin,  
For tomorrow I die,  
Tomorrow I die.  
—Joseph Coens '31.

a preference in dress or transportation, but are the evidence of a changed state of mind, of an altered outlook upon life.

Unquestionably, this new era of speed with its myriads of inventions has changed the temperament and character of the people. Thence the eternal grasping for a new expression.

The realization of a new beauty in "Simplifity" appeared upon the horizon of a new artistic world. The artistic eye surfeited with ornamentation based upon compositions, focused gratefully upon the plain surfaces, well proportioned, logically arranged and presented.

The expression is realized in "Modernism."

—John Havlik, '31

## NICE WORK

Slowly, stealthily, cautiously a stout man slipped his hand over a yellow box. Just as evenly and as carefully he drew it back, coughed, and nonchalantly dropped the little box into a large black shopping bag he was carrying. Then he glanced about and shuffled off, his round face impassive.

A pert young woman, chic in a green outfit, a bored look and a seductive Garbo bob, came up to the counter space which the elderly gentleman had vacated.

"What was it this time?" she inquired.

"Well," said the saleslady, chewing her gum and sighing as she glanced at the too slowly moving clock, "Well, let's see. Just one of those fifty cent boxes is all this time." Then in an intimate tone, "Gee, girl, don't you ever feel embarrassed going up to every clerk in this town and explaining that your husband is, er—a trifle light-fingered, and then paying for what he smuggled into that old black bag?"

"I'm used to it by now," the other rejoined. "Well, here's a dollar. Keep the change, kid. Buy yourself a soda. Or a corn plaster for that aching foot of yours. Great Scott! there's that man up at the hosiery department!" She hurried off.

"Sure," answered the saleslady to the new girl in the department at her quizzical look, "I saw the old guy all right. He wasn't fooling me. But the dame always comes around later and squares everything up. It's sorta a disease with him. They've been coming around here for about a year now. They're good customers. So good, in fact, that the manager of the store forbids us to call the old guy down if we see him. But she has plenty of do-re-mi to fix everything up."

From the hosiery department the old man went to the jewelry department. The energetic blonde followed. The gent slipped a shiny bracelet into his bag, then walked off.

The clerk became excited—"Say, your husband took that diamond bracelet off this here counter. We had it on display here. I was dusting around the shelf and left it on top of the counter. And big boy himself slipped it into his black bag. His voice rose. "It's worth about twelve thousand dollars. What shall we do? Let me call him back!"

"No, no; for God's sakes, don't!" cried the woman. "Don't call him back. He's so sensitive! I haven't got the cash, but I'll write you out a check. Won't that do?" she inquired. The clerk was wavering. She patted his hand. Clever woman!

"Well, all right," he rejoined doubtfully.

"O, thank you so much," she smiled. Then she went away.

\* \* \*

Six o'clock on board an eastbound train.

"Well, Milly, it took time; but we certainly pulled a slick one, didn't we, old girl?" asked the same white-haired old gentleman.

"And how," stated Milly, the blonde. "You got the necklace you promised me for my share? Gee, it looks swell, swell! And wher is our bracelet that we booked so nicely?"

"Yep, I've got that bracelet in my pocket, this very minute. We'll get

## SIDELIGHTS ON A WINNING CAMPAIGN

(A campaign for "better dressed boys" will be launched soon, with radio talks, lectures and a nationwide poster contest.—News Item). Huck Finn would grin or even sneer;

A smile would stretch from ear to ear.

In cut-down overalls of "Pap's,"

He'd pity these dude modern "chaps."

Dress conscious, he?

Nor Tom's nor Sid's

Approval greets these

Modern kids.

We love Huck's tattered old straw hat

And shirt of calico—the brat!

And Tom's dejected week-day pants,

With rips accrued in seeking "hants."

Boys will be boys. Don't fool yourself;

While Mark Twain's heroes rule the shelf

And modern lads in fine array

To Huck and Tom their homage pay,

In Fashion's glass they'll play their parts—

And wear Twain's heroes on their

hearts! —James Supple '32

## THAT BLESSED NIGHT

'Tis come at last, that blessed night

That means so much to me

It is, you're right, 'tis Friday night!

Oh, Father, can it be?

The empty desks, this quiet hall,

This peaceful look I wear

Will tell the world 'tis Friday night

If they should chance to care.

Not all the teachers in our school

Could make me work, you see,

Or rob me of the right to call

This Sat. and Sunday free.

But oh, how sweet on Friday night

To think a week's work done.

I've done my duty every day,

And even had some fun.

Harold Hughes '34

our dough just as soon as we reach little old New York," chuckled the man.

"Gee," laughed the woman, "I can just see that young clerk's face when he finds our bank account is just zero minus. Bonehead! I gave him a beseeching look and squeezed his skinny hand, and zowie! how that luffy fell! Not so dumb, eh?"

"Nice work!" the man smiled. "It was also six o'clock in Smith Brothers' Department store."

"Well, just as I thought," laughed the clerk. "The check was no good."

The other man chuckled. "Even if I am manager I'll say that it was darned clever of you to switch that cheap imitation on the counter when you saw the old boy coming. The thing's worth about one dollar, isn't it?"

"Well, no," the clerk smiled, "to be exact it was worth exactly ninety-eight cents. Good I caught those two so handily! Say, I can just see the look on that peroxide blonde's face when she finds out their twelve thousand dollar bracelet is merely glass! I guess I was pretty alert that time, manager, now wasn't I?"

"Yep," returned the manager.

"You'll get a raise for this, old boy. Nice work."

—John Hird '31

## MOTHERS' DAY



"Woman is the masterpiece."

—Confucius.

The perfection of womanhood may be beautifully exemplified by Mother, "Mother!" What sweet tenderness enters the heart at the very sound of that beautiful word. When we were little children, how many sorrows and difficulties were blotted out by mother's kiss or her tender word? When we were ill, who remained by our bedside through those restless hours of painful suspense? And when we had our little troubles and wanted sympathy, who was the first we would go to? Mother! And as we were led through our younger days by that same dear mother's guiding hand, it was she who shared our worries as well as our happiness. When dark clouds overshadowed us, it was mother who showed us that those same dark clouds had silver linings.

Later, as we grow older we find that everything we have accomplished, we owe to our mother.

And after we have successfully achieved our ambition in this life, we may look back with tearful eyes to those sweet memories of our childhood, and then we realize that, next to God alone, our dearest and closest friend is "Mother."

—Robert Palen '33

## ROCK

Across the country flashed the word, From north to south, from coast to coast.

At first 'twas thought a rumor heard; But then—'twas true that Rock was lost.

Great sadness here, and sorrow there; The papers far and wide were read.

Sad tears were shed, for all did care That now great Rock, our Rock, was dead.

In all the glory of his fame, His God did call; and he did come. He left his work, unfinished game, To answer the call that led him home.

To you, to me, that loved him best, The great, good Rock is dead and gone;

Like Peter, like Paul, and all the rest, His works, his deeds shall carry on.

—Ambrose Casey '31

## TO AN AVIATRIX KNOWN SINCE CHILDHOOD

There were skies in your eyes when you, a mere cherub, Stood up in your go-cart, commanding it fly, Your nurse looking on, with a pal and a rub Smiled at your face, which was fixed on the sky.

A mite of humanity, reaching for cloudland, With tiny pink fingers—an infantile trick— Who then would have dreamt some day o'er this proud land Those competent fingers would handle the "Stick!"

You cried for the moon and the stars till you got them, At least in the measure; your tears not in vain, What far away goals! As a babe you would spot them, And all nurse could think of was, "Where is the pain?"

Ah, trim aviatrix, new heights ever seeking, Your music the wind, as through gyres it sings, I'm bound to recall, as for records you're reaching, When you were the cherub who had to grow wings!

—James Supple '32

## FOUR GEMS

As sadness comes sweeping upon me, And joy like a mirage does fade, I sit at my study and wonder If our earthly existence is jade.

Is everything false and uncertain? Aren't there hopes to which we may cling?

Will there ne'er be a leader to guide us? Must our whole life with hollow-ness ring?

And thus as I sit slowly gazing, There comes through this vague vale of tears The sounds of amaranthin laughter, Echoing down through the years.

What secret possessed these past ages That they, 'mid the titanic gloom, Could find joy and radiant sunshine, Where for me no light seemed to loom?

Then slowly a vista is opened, (As lakes through a woodland are seen) And there, surrounded by nature, The jewels of true knowledge gleam.

While I pause and wait for the judgment, All that is after the grave, Among this short life's fading pleasures

Four gems will I ceaselessly crave: One pal who will always stand by me;

One spot on this earth for me to home;

One God Who'll continually guide me;

One Heaven to claim for my own.

—John Lyons '30



## Track Captain Coens Is Very Versatile

What has been said of George Barkley can also truly be said of "Fairy" Coens, captain of this year's track team. "He's not a track man; he's a whole track team."

His versatility knows no bounds. "Fairy" was a regular member of the football and basketball teams this year and has been a prominent member of the track squad for the past two seasons.

Excelling in the field events, he has established himself as a superior pole vaulter and javelin tosser, holding the school record in the pole vault. He has won honors in the broad jump, shot put, high hurdles and high jump.

But the fact that he specializes in the field events is no reason to believe that he is not capable on the cinder path. For "Fairy" runs a sweet 220 and is a valuable man in the relays. His graduation will deprive the track squad of one of its greatest performers, who has labored diligently in the effort to make the Gubs' track team a winner.

## SPRING TRAINING CLOSES

Spring football training came to a close rather unexpectedly at the Academy, Thursday, May 7, due to the fact that the suits had to be sent to the repairers.

When the spring squad was called out there were only a few candidates of much promise, but under the direction of Coach Cretzmeier and his assistants several new prospects showed up.

The following performed well in their positions: At center, Harry Ryan and William McCluskey are giving each other plenty of competition. In the guard positions Captain Pinger will be on one side while Francis Kelly and Peter Kapitain are fighting it out on the other side, with Vize and McCabe in reserve. William Trow, William Streff, Oliver Runde and Michael O'Dowd are battling for the tackle positions. The line, from tackle to tackle, should be strong enough to hold any high school team. The end positions are rather weak due to lack of material. Joseph Lacke, Peter Propson and John Schnabel are making the best bids for the wing berths.

In the backfield there are plenty of prospects. Besides the two lettermen, Co-Captain McDonald and Corstein, those who are doing well are Robert Lawson, Jack Kerper, Chris. Voelker, Carl Weitz, James Kenelly, Jack E. O'Brien and Howard Gelsler. Although these men are small, they are plenty fast and all have an eye on a position on the 1931 Gubs.

## Diamond Ball Captains

The following are the men chosen to pilot rival teams to victory in the class league:

4A. Merlin Conlon; 4B. Joe Graham; 4C. James O'Connor; 3A. James McDonald; 3B. Harold Pinger; 3C. Ray Crubel; 2A. Kenneth Mayerle; 2B. Francis Schroeder; 2C. John Elmer; 1A. Martin Kinney; 1B. Michael Mellon; 1C. Merlin Healy.

# COLUMBIA TAKES SECOND PLACE IN DAVENPORT FOUR CORNER MEET

ST. AMBROSE TRIMS FIELD; COENS IS HIGH POINT MAN

In the four way meet held in Davenport last Thursday between St. Ambrose, St. Patrick's of Iowa City, St. Joseph's of Rock Island, Ill., and Columbia, the Gubs eked out second place over St. Patrick's, 50 to 40, while St. Ambrose was running up a total of 81½ points to annihilate St. Joseph's 1½.

Captain Coens was Columbia's firsts (in the high jump, pole vault

## TENNIS CLUB ORGANIZED; TOURNAMENT IS STARTED

The organization of a Tennis club for those interested was promoted by Father Patnode last week. At the first meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Richard Barkley; Vice President, Francis O'Connor; Secretary, Robert Ziepprecht.

This club will be a bond of unity for the tennis players and will aid in keeping order. The main requirements for membership are that each member must own a racquet, tennis shoes, and at least one tennis ball. Members must also aid in keeping the courts in good condition. This work has already been carried on to good purpose under the supervision of Father Patnode, and now the courts are in perfect condition.

Drawings for the tennis tournament were made by Dick Barkley, and the first round began last Tuesday noon. There are thirty-five entrants, many of whom have no mean ability.

## ALL-TIME ACADEMY TRACK RECORDS

100—10 flat, Barkley, 1929.  
220—22.9 sec., Barkley, 1929.  
440—53.1 sec., Runde, 1927.  
880—2 min., 9.5 sec., Baldus, 1929.  
1 Mile—4 min., 58.2 sec., Kolfenbach, 1927.  
120 High Hurdles—18.2 sec., McGuinn, 1927.  
220 Low Hurdles—27.2 sec., McGuinn, 1927.  
880 Relay—1 min., 34.3 sec., Barkley, McGuinn, Runde, Lyness, 1927.  
Pole Vault—11 ft. 3 in., Coens, 1930.  
High Jump—6 ft., Barkley, 1929.  
Broad Jump—21 ft. 5 in., Barkley, 1929.  
Shot Put—42 ft. ¾ in., Gehrick, 1928.  
Discus—117 ft. 7 in., Gehrick, 1928.  
Javelin—149 ft. 3 in., Baldus, 1929.

## Middendorf, Jungk and Helle Capture Contests

In the third and final Interpretative Reading Contest for the First Academics, held in the auditorium during the activity period on May 12, Arnold Middendorf and Walter Jungk of Dubuque and Conrad Helle of Luxembour, Iowa, were adjudged winners.

Others whose names were drawn to speak were Donald Taylor, Joseph Juergens, John Letch, Chester Spinner, Joseph Savage and Ralph Hilliard.

May devotions are held daily in the chapel of St. Joseph Hall. They consist of a hymn sung by the students; a meditation on the life of Mary which is followed by another hymn. The Rosary is then recited by the students.

## McDonald Elected Captain of 1932 Hoopsters

To add to the good prospects for the 1932 basketball season, James McDonald has been elected captain of the 1932 Gubs.

"Mick" came to the Academy two years ago, after spending one year at the Madison Central High School in Madison, Wisconsin. After proving himself a good prospect for the 1930 Gubs eleven by his achievements in the intramural leagues "Mick" won a place on the basketball squad in his first year at the Academy. His remarkable floor work and his fighting spirit mingled with good judgment was a big factor in many of the Gubs' victories. Returning this year "Mick" won a regular berth on the football team and received all state honors on the second team.

From the beginning of the cage season, "Mick" proved himself a reliable running mate to Captain "Dick" Barkley. His work on the basketball floor this year has been nothing short of sensational. The fighting spirit which characterized him in every contest was a great factor in bringing about the state championship for the Gubs. With such good work behind him we can expect a successful future for "Micky."

## Gubs Defeat Galena

100-yard dash—Cis (C), first; Moran (C), second; Parker (C), third. Time, 11 seconds.

1 Mile run—Target (G), first; Pfeiffer (C), second; Crubel (C), third. Time, 6:11.1.

High hurdles—Genzler (C), first; Coens (C), second; Hudson (C), third. Time, 18.9.

220-yard dash—Moran (C), first; Clancy (C), second; Willy (G), third. Time, 24.4 seconds.

440-yard dash—Target (G), first; Clancy (C), second; Staus (G), third. Time, 58.3 seconds.

100 hurdles—Mavis (G), first; Swing (G), second; Tomczak (C), third. Time, 28.8 seconds.

880-yard run—Kress (C), first; Donovan (C), second; Buchanan (C), third. Time, 2:16.

High jump—Hubert (C), first; Coens (C), second; Wilmarth (G), third. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.

Pole vault—Balk (C), first; Coens (C), second; Swing (G), third. Height, 9 ft.

Broad jump—Coens (C), first; Wilmarth (G), second; Mavis (G), third. Distance, 19 ft. 11 in.

Shot put—Coens (C), first; Graham (C), second; Donahue (C), third. Distance, 39 ft. 9 in.

Discus—Coens (C), first; Ziepprecht (C), second; Mavis (G), third. Distance, 92 ft. 5 in.

Javelin—Coens (C), first; Mavis (G), second; Crubel (C), third. Distance, 145 ft.

880-yard relay—Clancy, Moran, Coens and Parker (Columbia), won. Time, 1 min. 43 sec.

## STUDENTS, SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS

Any one who pays up his subscription to The Cee Ay for the next year, now, will receive a cash price of seventy-five cents if payment is made before June 1.

This is directed especially to friends who have not subscribed in the past, and to the members of the graduating class who will not be at Laas next year.

Payment may be made to the business manager, Peter Propson, or his assistant, Bernard Schmitz or to the faculty adviser.

scoring ace, with three undisputed and nigh hurdles), a tie for first, with Dvorsky of St. Patrick's, in the broad jump, and a second in the javelin. Coens scored 88 of his team's 50 points. Kress and the relay team were the only other first place winners for the Gubs.

50-yard dash—Riley (St. Ambrose), first; Moran (Col.), second; Haegge (St. Ambrose), third; Mohr (St. Ambrose), fourth. Time 5.9.

100 yard dash—Riley (St. Ambrose), first; Ziepprecht (Col.), second; Haegge (Amb.), third; Wilkinson (St. Pat's), fourth. Time 10.5.

220 yard dash—Riley (St. Ambrose), first; Wilkinson (St. Pat's), second; Moran (Col.), third; Parker (Col.), fourth. Time 25.4.

High Hurdles—Coens (Col.), first; Fory (St. Ambrose), second; Ostrum (St. Ambrose), third; Meegan (St. Pat's), fourth. Time 15.

Low Hurdles—Hills (Grand St. Pat's), first; Foley (St. Ambrose), second; Meegan (St. Ambrose), third; Besseneker (St. Ambrose), fourth. Time 25.5.

440 yard dash—Nevelt (St. Ambrose), first; Boland (St. Ambrose), second; Hildebrand (St. Pat's), third; McDonald (Col.), fourth. Time 56.7.

880 yard dash—Kress (Col.), first; Boland (St. Ambrose), second; Donovan (Col.), third; Killian (St. Ambrose), fourth. Time 2:16.

1 Mile Run—Killian (St. Ambrose), first; Smith (St. Pat's), second; David (St. Ambrose), third; Pfeiffer (Col.), fourth. Time 5:4.

880 yard relay—Columbia (Clancy, Parker, Ziepprecht, and Moran), first; St. Ambrose, second; St. Patrick's, third. Time 1:42.5.

1 Mile relay—St. Ambrose, first; St. Patrick's, second.

High Jump—Coens (Col.), first; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), second; Austin (St. Ambrose), third; Huber (Col.), fourth. Height: 5 ft. 7½ in.

Pole vault—Coens (Col.), first; Conway (St. Ambrose), second; Ostrum (St. Ambrose), third; Campbell (St. Joseph's), fourth. Height: 10 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Dvorsky (St. Pat's) and Coens (Col.) tied for first; Parker (Col.), third; Riley (St. Ambrose) and Helle (St. Ambrose), fourth. Distance: 19 ft.

Shot put—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Donahue (C), fourth. Distance: 47 ft. 5 in.

Discus—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Emanuel (St. Pat's), third; Ziepprecht (Col.), fourth. Distance: 112 ft. 8 in.

Javelin—Austin (St. Ambrose), first; Coens (Col.), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), fourth. Distance: 151 ft. 2 in.

880 yard relay—Columbia, Moran, Coens and Parker (Columbia), won. Time, 1 min. 43 sec.

1 Mile relay—St. Ambrose, first; St. Patrick's, second.

High Jump—Coens (Col.), first; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), second; Austin (St. Ambrose), third; Huber (Col.), fourth. Height: 5 ft. 7½ in.

Pole vault—Coens (Col.), first; Conway (St. Ambrose), second; Ostrum (St. Ambrose), third; Campbell (St. Joseph's), fourth. Height: 10 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Dvorsky (St. Pat's) and Coens (Col.) tied for first; Parker (Col.), third; Riley (St. Ambrose) and Helle (St. Ambrose), fourth. Distance: 19 ft.

Shot put—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Donahue (C), fourth. Distance: 47 ft. 5 in.

Discus—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Emanuel (St. Pat's), third; Ziepprecht (Col.), fourth. Distance: 112 ft. 8 in.

Javelin—Austin (St. Ambrose), first; Coens (Col.), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), fourth. Distance: 151 ft. 2 in.

880 yard relay—Columbia, Moran, Coens and Parker (Columbia), won. Time, 1 min. 43 sec.

1 Mile relay—St. Ambrose, first; St. Patrick's, second.

High Jump—Coens (Col.), first; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), second; Austin (St. Ambrose), third; Huber (Col.), fourth. Height: 5 ft. 7½ in.

Pole vault—Coens (Col.), first; Conway (St. Ambrose), second; Ostrum (St. Ambrose), third; Campbell (St. Joseph's), fourth. Height: 10 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Dvorsky (St. Pat's) and Coens (Col.) tied for first; Parker (Col.), third; Riley (St. Ambrose) and Helle (St. Ambrose), fourth. Distance: 19 ft.

Shot put—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Donahue (C), fourth. Distance: 47 ft. 5 in.

Discus—Dvorsky (St. Pat's), first; Austin (St. Ambrose), second; Emanuel (St. Pat's), third; Ziepprecht (Col.), fourth. Distance: 112 ft. 8 in.

Javelin—Austin (St. Ambrose), first; Coens (Col.), second; Foley (St. Ambrose), third; Dvorsky (St. Pat's), fourth. Distance: 151 ft. 2 in.

880 yard relay—Columbia, Moran, Coens and Parker (Columbia), won. Time, 1 min. 43 sec.

## CORRECTION

The name of Eugene Welmer, of the class of '33, was unintentionally omitted from the Honor Roll list published in the last issue of The Cee Ay. Eugene had an average of 90.

## Dress Parade

(Editor's Note: In answer to various requests, and in view of the fact that this issue completes the Dress Parade, the names of its authors are given. They are Jack Neilson and Henry Havlik, both Seniors. Neilson wrote the headers and Havlik the day students. More power to them.)

Conlon, "Skipper" Merlin—An obtrusive chap of the vagabond lover type, is in his Mecca as spring arrives, with the 4A baseball captaincy. He's "Merlin the Wizard" when it comes to drawing melodies from a violin.

Clark, "Cue Ball" Homer—Our modern Pheidippides can be found burning up the city on his faithful "erastus" (bicycle) carrying messages of good will. Ask him how he brought the good news to Columbia.

Clark, "Bob" Robert—A diminutive Lochinvar, he devotes most of his time to "the fair," and consequently has no time for "serious study." Smokes volumes of cigarettes and owned what was once an automobile. Desultory and glad that spring is here.

Neuses, "Gumshoe" Clarence—A big, silent and mysterious man. Walks around in permanent disguise and avoids all inquiring reporters and photographers. Is always on "Big Ed" Juergens' trail. Wonder what's up?

Maury, "Mutt" Merlin—An industrious and serious chap when it comes to class work; but has his little weaknesses. By the way, Mutt, where's the ring? Oh well, ta-ta, my dear chap.

Arend "Red" Joseph. — Neuses' shadow and a general nuisance. Delights in staging snoring endurance contests in all classes, with "Big Ed" Juergens as a close rival in all these endeavors. Is a handy han with a "cue."

Flynn "Phil" Phillip—The "minor" partner of Frantzen and Flynn. When not dishing out "gedunks" in a local "Pill Shop" is helping out the "senior" partner and "Big Tom" O'Rourke in their amorous adventures, "a la chivvy."

Murphy "Dizz-Boom" John. Pushes plugs during his spare time down in the telephone office. Uses the rest of his time endeavoring to achieve a classic interpretation of modern education and its personal results. He really is serious. No foolin'.

McMahon "Cise" Cecil—A big playful "gorilla" left loose among peace-loving seniors. Is always ready to demonstrate his "left hook" and "Danish Kiss" with or without permission of the victim, mostly without.

Runde "Speed" Dorrance—East Dubuque's pride and tribute to Mother Dubuque Always nonchalant when questioned on numerous A. W. O. L.s. Is always cutting up, cutting down, cutting out, cutting in and cutting classes.

Sullivan "Salt" Lot. — A pugacious and dangerous Irishman and a plugging scholar. Loves his economics, or should we say arguments—"what's the difference anyhow?" we ask. Is worshipped by the idolizing eyes of "Shrimp" Koppes.

"A yard of pork," please," said the town wit to the butcher. So he got three pig's feet.

## Symphony Orchestra Gives Fine Concert In Gymnasium

The Dubuque Symphony orchestra directed by Prof. Edward Schroeder gave a splendid Music Week program Monday, May 4, at 8 o'clock, in the college gymnasium.

The well-chosen selections consisted of three overtures, "Erl King," "Finlandia" and "Prometheus," a waltz called "Katinka" and "Gate City" march.

The following students and alumni are members of the organization: Violins: Henry Roserans, James Engler, Merlin Conlon, Eldon Kintzle, Edward Plamondon, George Glokner, Louis Ernsdorf, Edward Schroeder Jr. and Clarence Enzler; cornet: William Most; trombone: Walter Enzler; oboe: John O'Rourke; bassoon: William Mentz; and clarinet: Louis Runde.

## O'ROURKE, MOST AND SUPPLE HEAD CEE AY

(Continued from page 1)

news gleaners to warrant their promotion.

### Seventeen Newcomers

In the recent competitive tryouts fifteen men were successful and landed places as cub reporters: Richard Sweeney '32 of Hinton, Ia., Harry McLean '32 of Chicago, Leo Stephen '32 of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Joseph Morris '33 of Lawler, Ia., Andrew Balk of Carroll, Ia., and John Reynolds '34 of Chicago. Day students awarded places are: John Hoffman '32, Anthony Lange '32, Thomas Backes '33, Loras Walters '33, Burton McQuillan '33, Lawrence Theisen '33, Eugene Weimer '33, John Sharon '33, and Robert Spahn '33.

Peter Propson of Kenosha, Wis., and Bernard Schmit of Gilbertville, Ia., are named business managers.

### Lose a Dozen

Those of this year's staff who are graduating in June and who have done a great deal toward making the Cee Ay a newsy and live-wire school paper are: John Lyons of Chicago, Philip Schwinn, Dubuque, Clarence Raker, Cresco, Ia., Milton Weimer, Dubuque, Joseph Graber, Mineral Point, Wis., Leo Lenz, Carroll, Ia., James Tunnissen, Winner, S. D., Wilfred Kress, Key West, Ia., Ralph Vogel, Dubuque, Henry Gonner, Burlington, Ia., and John Drennen and Vincent Stubstad of Chicago.

## MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS SCORE IN MUSIC WEEK

(Continued from page 1)

emy, they later sang, "O Bone Jesu" and "Where You There?"

In the Archdiocesan music contest held in Clarke college auditorium Saturday, May 9, at 2 o'clock, the Cee-Ay band took first place in Class "A," there being no opposition. In this contest each band was allowed twenty minutes in which to render its selections.

In the same auditorium at 8 o'clock Saturday evening the Cee-Ay glee club sang in the Archdiocesan contest, being the only boys' club entered.

## BUSINESS COLLEGE HEAD GIVES TALK TO SENIORS

Friday afternoon Mr. Lyons, president of Bayless Business College, honored the Senior class with a talk on "Business Methods."

He touched on the practical side of life and the ways to obtain success in the business world, pointing out that the Senior is often troubled with too do next. Mr. Lyons gave some very helpful suggestions. He stated that our success lies solely in our hands, and showed how personal appearance and mental alertness are two necessary factors in obtaining success. He recommended that the boys come in contact with one who is successful; in this way they might work from the ground up, the only way success will come.

Mr. Lyons' talk proved to be very instructive, as he discussed points which perplex the average High School graduate.

## Seventh Annual Year Book to Be Completed Soon

As the days of its completion draw to a close, the subscribers to the seventh annual Purgold await its publication May 20. The last cuts have been made by the Taylor-Youngs Engraving Company and the first proof sheets have been returned by the Telegraph-Herald: so that the publication will be in the students' hands on time. The theme and decorative motif have been taken from the popular Arabian Nights. The cover is Iron Grey. This issue has been fittingly dedicated to the memory of the late Father Flynn.

This year over one hundred and seventy-five students have purchased Purgolds—a record number—and the adviser and staff appreciate this. However, considering the reasonable price, this showing is not as good as it might be with only half of the student body subscribing. There still remain a few days in which to subscribe. Be wise! Remember a school annual is a testimony of school memories that will always remain.

## ALVIN JAEGER AWARDED WATCH; \$900 REALIZED

(Continued from page 1)

ated from the Academy in 1928, and is now a Junior at Loras Univ.

The drawing was supervised by Father Russell, principal of the Academy, who announced that the sum of \$900.00 had been taken in on donations for the watch.

"Our special thanks," said Father Russell, are tendered to the mothers of the Academy students. It was largely due to their energy that the present student body of the Academy ranks highest in the returns. The boys who have finished the Academy in recent years have also responded nobly. Had the time not been so short, a larger number would have learned of the watch contest and the proceeds would have swelled.

"Among the friends of the Academy, the palm must be given to Miss Zetta Larson of Lawler, Iowa, who generously engineered a large disposal and effective return on the donation books. The total sum realized, \$900.00, is divided among the following groups: Academy students, \$441.50; Alumni, Loras Hall, \$71.10; other Alumni, \$322.40; Friends, \$65.00. The sums credited to the various classes in the Academy are: Freshmen, \$88.80; Sophomores, \$117.30; Juniors, \$98.05; and Seniors, \$137.35. Accordingly, the prize for school spirit is awarded to the Seniors."

## Library Is Improved in Year; Books Being Catalogued

During the past year, the Academy Library under the supervision of Father Kaufmann, has undergone a series of developments, more extensive than ever before, as regards quarters, equipment and methods.

The library was completely redecorated; a large cage was installed for working quarters and to shelter the stacks, and the entire room lined with cases, whose present capacity is about six thousand books.

### Books Being Catalogued

The tedious work of classifying and cataloguing is advancing rapidly, some twenty-four hundred books having already been completed. In this work Father Kaufmann was aided by Father Creighton during the first semester.

During the year, over three hundred twenty-five books have been purchased, besides dictionaries, encyclopedias and reference works. In addition, some one hundred fifty books have been donated by interested parties, and to these donors Father Kaufmann wishes The Cee Ay to express his thanks.

## RECORD SENIOR CLASS WILL GRADUATE JUNE 2

(Continued from page 1)

Donald Kimmich, Eldon Kintzle, Elmer Kisting, Carl Koester, Manzo Koppes, Joseph Kraus, Justin Kress, Wilfred Kress, Frank Kuhl, Leo Lenz, John Lyons, Cecil McMahon, Louis Maters, Merlin Maury, William Menz, Bernard Moran, John Morris, John Murphy, John Neilson, Clarence Neuses, James O'Connor, Thomas O'Rourke, Colford Pauly, Carl Palmer, John Powers, Clarence Raker, Charles Rhombeg, Harry Roserans, Robert Saunders, Charles Schueller, Philip Schwinn, Leo Shedivy, Vincent Stubstad, Lot Sullivan, Robert Traub, Clifford Traynor, James Tunnissen, Bernard Tyrrell, Ralph Vogel, Wilfred Wanderscheid, William Weber, John Weidenfelder, Milton Weimer, Howard Whelan, Andrew Wieser, Robert Ziepprecht.

## WasteBasket

Frantzen: "George Washington was the most honest man of his time."

Flynn: "Then, why do they close the banks on his birthday?"

The glee club performed splendidly during music week. More power to them. Jack Neilson and Red Moran are surely cool under fire; they deserve special credit.

School will soon be over so that the boys can get down to work in earnest.

Bill Weber wishes to say that the band blew more air through their horns during the past Music week than during the whole year of just plain weeks.

Pauly, Weber, Geillis, Juergens, Clark and Schueller have formed a "last man's club" and are open to suggestions as to what should be put in the "last man's bottle."